At Christmas time last year. At Christmas time this year So many of us find the world a drear And barren desert wherein blooms no rose, With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose Have ch'lled our hearts, and turned life's fol-At Christmas time this year.

At Christmas time next year Who knows what changing fortunes may be Take courage, then! For night shall turn to From brightening skies the clouds must

away, And faith and hope and love shall be all her At Christmas time next year!

A SHINING DAY.

To-day may or may not be exactly the day on which the child Jesus came into the world, but it is the day which the Church has seen fit to set apart in honor of his birth, and it is too late to reverse the universal usage. What most impresses one in this celebration is the interpretation which the world at large has given to the day, and the manner in which it is made to reflect the feeling of our Christian civilization. It is the day of universal rejoicing; it is the time when domestic pleasures are most thought of. Thanksgiving has its mother had put into it some potato parings. meaning in the reunion of families, but Christ- With a heart bursting with disappointment mas has its significance in the inner life of the she fled from her mother and the day which home circle almost exclusively; it is the time should have been a happy one was more bitof the exchange of acts and gifts of love; it is ter than wormwood. The mother little the time when you feel the devotion of a dear dreamed of the agony her thoughtless act friend; it is the time when the poor are made had caused that expectant little girl. A simto feel the abundance of the rich; and when ple gift of no value would have made her the spirit of universal plenty prevails in the happy. Keep something for a remembrance world. The nation yesterday was a nation of Christmas day for the little ones. They of shopkeepers and purchasers; to-day it is a expect it, and you cannot afford to disapnation of giftmakers; to-morrow it will be a point them. nation of people who have felt the strength of In the days before the war the week between a universal affection and are ready to put new Christmas and New Year's was devoted to strength into life. This is what a good slaves and the poor. Everything was done Christmas always brings. A great deal of for these unfortunates, and we are bound to property changes hands, but it is not the cus- believe that good luck followed such donors tomary buying and selling that you are think- all the year. A load of coal, provisions ing of; it is buying and selling with a motive which are so needed, kindle a spark and flame which puts the mercantile part of the trans- of gratitude which never dies out. And how action quite out of sight. It is the beauty of often his the very poor who give to the poor the Christmas season that it illustrates the af Christmas time. Those who can ill afford power of Christianity in the world by showing it send baskets of food to neighbors less well how the spirit of the Christ child, when em- off than they are, while many of the rich give bodied in the human life, lifts those who, pos- to the rich who do not need donations at all. sess it above and beyond the ordinary motives that influence human action, and brings all mankind under the control of ideas and entiments that are utterly opposed to the usual plans of existence. It is only when you look upon Christmas in the light of the induence of a great principle of action that you get an idea of what a great motive means when implanted universally in the hearts of adorn it with such, merriment as our surmen. The secson is worth all it costs, if only roundings permit. Possibly we shall pass it the drawing of human hearts nearer together were thought of. Only the humane side of

ing of the Christ child into the world. CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHTS.

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!" They are the words of the tinkling verses which are as familiar and as likely to be enduring as any lines in our eliterature. The man who wrote them is not counted among our poets, and while everybody knows little plot and said, "I'm not going to stand the "Visit from St. Nicholas," nobody prob- this sort of thing. And therefore," giving ably can recall any other poem of the author. Bob a dig in the waist-coat, "and therefore It was his good fortune to put into brisk and melodious form the universal Christmas feeling, and to describe Santa Claus as the fancy of childhood seey him. The good giver of gifts is the true genius of the season. It is a jolly big turkey and an addition to his poor refinements of philosophy and speculation upon their spiritual fitness, but with a gen- "I am very glad to have the honor of your erous hand showers them upon old and young as the rain descands upon the just and s worth following. the unjust. It is the great and affluent giving of food and drink and dolls and toys and all that rejoices the heart of man or boy.

ibly to great things. All things in the world

are related one to another, whether in the

Yet it is underliable that this tradition of as it is delightful. Santa Claus' himself, indeed, has the cap of Fortunatus. His baskets and stores are self-replenishing, and when he usually were at midday by people carrying arrives upon the roof the very gifts for every out the custom. Much innocent mirth preage and taste peer out of his pockets and oush themselves into his hands, and he has took place on January 1, 1812, proved the not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, and ready to stretch to the utmost to re- first-footing to account for purposes of plun- we-uns, this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then happy fellow, as indeed how could the founand if we could once catch that dancing der- taken. Their previous agreement was to look our stomachs to the size of our Christmas vish we should find that the merry music to which all the children caper is merely the be- the dark individuals likely to carry any witching tale of the coming gifts at Christ- property worthy of being taken. A great

and substitutes, are very different from the wildering of delightful undertakings. A poor, Christmas the embarrassment of riches mod- |-fell off. crates expense and the gaping stocking is in danger of going nafed from the very fullness of the possible supply. The fascinated and Hobson, of Cambridge, the celebrated Uniconfused loiterer, as willing to buy one thing as another and unable to buy all, stares and admires and universally desires and bays nothing. In the happy enchantment of the spectacle everything seems to him fairer and more attractive than anything else, and he returns, how often! jaded, delighted, dared, with his head full of fincies and his heart of emotions, but with his hands empty.

The empty-handed, however, are not all. The full-handed, indeed, are themselves one of the pleasantest Christmas spectacles. The satisfaction of the disciple who hastens homeward conscions that he has secured what every stocking at his chimney desires is as serene as that of the parent bird winging nestward with the plumpest of worms in his bill. That sweet smile is the forecast of childish happiness. The beaming parental faces glow with the light of happy homes. The street seems to be full of hurrying benedictions-"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good

The night of Christmas eve is the appointed time, too, for the yule-log ceremony, which, as open grates are coming back to us along shall have the portraits of my first three huswith our Queen Anne houses, we may engraft upon our American festivities ere long. But the yule-clog, as Washington Irving spells it, will never reappear on either side of the Atta ic in its original glory. The great halls heard adhering to the wall. of the medayal barons are about all gone, and the ba as themselves are not what they were. The open fireplaces of the fifteenth and sixteenth c nturies were of cavern-like dimensions, and the fires that used to be lighted in them on Christmas eve, when the yule-log was bauled in by a singing and dancing band of brawny pensants, were of such size that the knife,dot's fifty cents. Last Ghristmas we got house-wives were always careful to have their pack as much as \$6.75 vort. Yes, I dink chimneys swept clean before the flames were ter keep it." started. The superstition referred to by Irving; concerning the lighting of the yule-fire of one year with the charred stump of the previous year's yule-log, still lingers in rustic Britain. An old ballad tells us why:

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then e let it burne, acht then lay it up again

Part must be kept wherewith to teend The Christmas log next year; And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend Can do no mischief there.

Another Christmas eve custom was th lighting of the yule candles, believed to be variation of a Jewish observance as old as the law of Moses. It was, and still is in many places, customary to keep these vule candles seven in number, lighted the whole nigh through till the Christmas sun has risen; evil spirits are thereby said to be kept away, while if the candle go out from any caus before the dawn of day it is taken as an omen

Do not let the day pass without making somebody glad. It is a cheap way of making yourself happy. A small gift brings a large return in the true pleasures of making life a little more cheerful. Some children's lives are sometimes embittered by neglect on such day. A simple gift is a source of pleasure, while the withholding of it is often a cause for pain that robs the day of all significance. I once knew a mother to tell her little daughter on Christmas eve to hang up her stocking, for Santa Claus would come that night. The little girl dreamed of the joy she would have at the first recognition which she had ever known of the Christmas custom. She had heard how other ones were gladdened by gifts but never had the wonderful Santa Claus visited her. She lay awake for hours in anticipation, and when morning came she was eager to see what filled her stocking. The

all, be merry all, With hally dress the festive hall; Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,

OLD SCROOGE'S IDEA.

It's a glorious season, as Dickens sings, "The king of the seasons all," and we must all the more agreeably if we have contributed something to the various charities which the good people of New York have in hand. It is aching shoulder to the other. a great comfort when you are regaling youreven in this, the potency that leads irresist. self with dainties to feel that many hungry mouths are being filled and that the sick and the feeble have a toothsome morsel at your

Old Scrooge had the right idea of Christmas. material or the spiritual world. If you touch and a right merry time in consequence. He Christmas on the human side, you penetrate bought a big turkey for poor Bob Cratchit. into the heart of humanity; if you touch it 'He shan't know who sends it." he said as in the spiritual side, you lose yourself in the he rubbed his hands in glee. "It's twice the love of God that was manifested in the com- size of Tiny Tim," and that fact seemed to throw him into an ecstasy of delight. Then up a cough by way of protestin' against this when he tried to shave himself for the occasion his hand was shaky, "but if he had cut Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's the end of his nose off, he would have put a no sayin' which will run us to hole first, the piece of sticking plaster over it and been quite The next morning Cratchit was eighteen

and a half minutes late to business, "Hello!" growled Scrooge, "what do you mean by coming here this time of day?" After sundry excuses, Scrooge jumped for the crisis of his

am about to raise your salary.' Here were two generous deeds within twenty-four hours, and Scrooge had to draw his belt a little tighter to keep himself from bursting. It was almost more than human nature could stand. A jolly big dinner on a giving which does not invite nor permit the clerk's salary were such a surprise that he had to introduce himself to himself, and we venture to remark that he said on that occasion, acquaintance, sir." Old Scrooge's example

SCOTCH NEW YEAR CUSTOMS. To such an extent did the habit formerl prevail in Edinburgh of going with the hands full of cakes, bread and cheese on New Year's Santa Claus has become almost as oppressive Day (in the recollection of persons still living) that, according to their account, the principal streets were more thronged between twelve and one in the morning than they vailed, and mutual good feelings were largely der. They kept their counsel well. No sooner had the people come abroad on the principal out for the white neckeloths-such being the dinner. And so the day passed. We shoutbest mark by which they could distinguish in number of gentlemen were thus spoiled of their watches and other valuables. The least resistance was resented by the most brutal maltreatment. A policeman, and a young saint himself. To saily forth, to fit yourself man of the rank of a clerk in Leith, died of waving salutations of good-will in the name out as a Santa Claus is one of the most be- the injuries they had received. An affair so of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day. singular, so uncharacteristic of the people in '62. At the very front of the opposing among whom it happened, produced a wide armies, the Christ Child struck a truce for as book-lover whom we knew used to say that spread and lasting feeling of surprise. The -broke down the wall of partition, became the only way to save his money was to go outrage was expiated by the execution of our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted into all the book stores, and in seeing that he of their wickedness; but from that time it and our bearts were lighter for it, and our could not buy everything that he wanted he was observed that the old custom of going shivering bodies were not quite so cold. Go thou was reconciled to buying nothing. So at about with the hot pint-the ancient wassail

> A COMIC POEM BY MILTON. This is an epitaph on the death of Thomas versity carrier, who died January 1, 1630. reads thus :-

Rest that gives all men life gave him his death. And too much breathing put him out breath. Nor were it contradiction to affirm Too long vacation hastened on his term. Merely to drive the time away he sickened,

Fainted and died, nor would withal be quickened Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge He died for weariness that his cart went His leisure told him that his time was come And lack of load made his life burdensome. Obedient to the moon, he spent his date In course reciprocal, and had his fate

Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;

Yet strange to think his wain was his in His letters were delivered all and gone, Only remains this superscription.

A VERY FAITHFUL WIFE. "I shall use the \$25 you gave me to spend for Christmus, John," said the wife, tenderly, to the young man who had recently become the partner of her joys and sharer of her sor-

rows, "in the purchase of something that will

bands beautifully framed and hung in our sitting-room. John looked at the ceiling with a rapt, dreamy gaze, and in the deep, eloquent silence that ensued, the wallpaper could be distinctly

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. "Ghristmas vas comin' don't it," remarked Elsenhimer to his wife.

"Yes, Jacob." "Yod you dink aboud celebrating?"
"I don't dink aboud id." Vell, a year ago last Ghristmas we gave away two butter knives, dot's \$2; und a penstmas vas a good investment; ve'd pet-

No girl will quarrel with her lover just before Christmas unless there are good and sufficient "You want something to buy mamma a Christmas present, do you?" said papa; "and want to buy it yourselves, hey? Well, well, that is right, my children. You shall have it. She has been a good mother to you all these years. If you could only find something," continued papa, as his blue eyes filled with tears, "that would keep your mamma's feet warm this winter I wouldn't begrudge \$50.0"

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

t was the calm and silent night! Seven hundred years and fifty-three Had Rome been growing up to might.

And now was queen of land and sea! No sound was heard of clashing wars, Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain pollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars Held undisturbed their ancient reign, In the solemn midnight Centuries ago!

"was in the calm and silent night! The senator of haughty Rome mpatient urged his chariot's flight, From lordly revel rolling home! riumphant arches gleaming swell His breast with thoughts of bounds What recked the Roman what befell A paltry province far away In the solemn midnight

Centuries ago! Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay, Fall'n through a half-shut stable door icross his path. He passed-for naught Told what was going on within; How keen the stars, his only thought; The air how calm and cold and thin In the solemn midnight

Centuries ago! strange indifference! low and high Drowsed over common joys and sares. The earth was still—but knew not why; The world was listening-unawares How calm a moment may precede One that shall thrill the world forever To that still moment none would heed Man's doom was linked no more to sever In the solemn midnight

Centuries ago! t is the calm and silent night! A hundred bells ring out and throw heir joyous peals abroad, and smite The darkness, charmed and holy now The night that erst no name had worn, To it a happy name is given; or in that stable lav new born The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven In the solemn midnight Centuries ago!

ACROSS THE CHASM.

It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And so this s war," my old me said to himself, while he river's brink. "And I am out here to shoot at the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, as that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous-looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greeley's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish he were only here in my place, running to keep warm; pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. So this is war, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose.'

Alas! when lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me martial music; gorgeous brigadiers in blue and gold; tall young men in line, shining in brass. War meant the charge of the Six Hundredanything but this. Pshaw! I wish I were home. Let me see. Home? God's Country. A tear?-yes, it is a tear. What are they This is Christmas day 1862: Home? Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, Merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left behind. Another tear? Yes, I couldn't help it: I was only eighteen and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl too -such sweet eyes, such long lashes; such a low, tender voice! "Come, move quicker! Who goes there?" Shift the rifle from one

"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" river was narrow but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice-too swift for that Hello, Johnny, what are you coughing 'Yank, with no overcoat shoes full of holes

co, and with this derned Yankee snow a foot nfernal ill treatment of the body. We-uns, cough or your bullets. The snow still fell: the keen wind, raw and

fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather, in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of '62 on the banks of the Rappahannock, a half-mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come. pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it your tears. 'Let's laugh, boys.

"Hello, Johnny. Hello, yourself, Yank." "Merry Christmas, Johnny." "Same to you, Yank." 'Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

Christmas, Yank. "All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats. Such boats! I see the children sailing them | the corner. on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies.

They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets. answered for a sail. We loaded them with | will relate some interesting facts illustrative coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and of their manner of keeping Christmas. watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the made of blocks of solid snow with thin sheets bank, and push and scramble to be first to of ice for windows. Thus the glazier in that seize the boats, going into the water, and country carries his material for patching up stretching out their long arms! Then when | windows in an ice wagon. they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's only to slide down the chimney, and there are means of nearly extinguishing the custom. A you-uns." "And sugar too," Then they When a young Esquimaux wakes up in the the capacions stockings eagerly awaiting him sign of turning the innocent festivities of shouted, 'Reckon you-uns been good to ber he is happy. If he doesn't-well, he blubthey put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to thoroughfares of the Old Town than these us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked with a sauce of rose-colored hair-oil, washed youths sallied out in small bands, and com- real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if down with a flagon of seal's blood. Tallow menced the business which they had under- they weren't very filling, at least contracted candles with dip are served as desert. Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted

Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening We had bridged the river-spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes. of their wickedness; but from that time it and our hearts were lighter for it, and our and do likewise-push no poor debtor, prose cute no quarrel, bear no grudge, at Christmastime; forgive your enemies, remember your mercies, and do not brood over your misfortunes at Christmas-time. If the times are material for a pair of feet-covess don't forget

hard, do not let the children know it, or to slipper dollar with, it to pay for making Lazarus on your door-step become aware of it, at Christmas-time, to his deeper despair. Cannot you be cheerful and brave by your firesides, as we soldiers were on the Rappahannock on Christmas Day in '62, shouting good-wills to rebels on the opposite shore! Let us all shake hands on Christmas Day. Let us all touch elbows, and share with our neighbors who needs us most. Then make a truce with enemies, with care, with fear, with tears and sorrow, and let joy be unconfined on Christmas Day. Let justice soften into mercy. Let hate not harden into wrong, but

e transformed into love. Let anger cease,

let wrath be forgotten, let quarrels be recon-

Let Charity dispense bounty. Let the rich man love the poor. Let the lap of childhood be filled with plenty. Let all Rappahaunocks of estrangement, separation. bitterness, unequal lots, opposing interests, be bridged by the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day of 88. And "be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you." There, I am preaching again, in a secular Journal of Civilization. Yet I can't help it. This Christborn me, has thrown off and left behind the ther me, the old me, who followed Grant and Hancock to Richmond in the wild, mad days f his turbulent youth. I have taken off that faded blue jacket, and can stretch my arms; I have unbuckled that worn belt, and can breathe freely. Come jacket, come, sword-hang again on the wall. You are my old me but the present, real me is a man of peace and acquainted with grief; not so happy as a saint as he was a soldier, but still trying to get his word in, since God didn't send for him

at Gettysburg. The Christmas time is coming on And folks begin to fret; It isn't what a present costs, But knowing what to get.

ALL UP WITH HIM. Wife-I am afraid, my dear, that Clara's quarrel with young Mr. Sampson is a very sense they will be as devoted se ever in a few days. No. John, I think you are mistaken.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well
Baked in a rich and crusty pie,
Iff could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other meeting birds above,
but her would be that birds

LIGHTS ON THE TREE.

How came the lights on the Christmas tree? asks a writer, and then he answers the question as follows: In the ninth month of the Jewish year, con responding nearly to our December, and on the twenty-fifth day, the Jews celebrated the feast of dedication to their Temple. It had been descrated on that day by Antiochus; it was rededicated by Judas Maccabeum and then, according to the Jewish legend, sufficient oil was found in the temple to last for the seven-branched candlestick for seven days, and it would have taken seven days to prepare new oil. Accordingly the Jews were wont, on the 25th of Kisler, in every house to light a candle, on the next day two, and so on till on the seventh and last day of the feast neven candles twinkled in every house.

It is not easy to fix the exact date of the Nativity, but it fell, most probably, on the last day of Kisler, when every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weihnacht, the Night of Dedication, as though it were associated with this feast. The Greeks also call Christmas the Feast of Lights, and in-deed this was also a name given to the Dedication Festival, Chanuka, by the Jews. In every house the seven-nozzled lamp, of seven-branched candlestick, symbolized th seven-branched candlestick in the Temple. This latter was, moreover, made like a tree, and each lamp was like a flower on the tree. Many seven-branched candlesticks were in use in the German churches in the middle ages; the most magnificent that remains is one in the cathedral of Esseu, dating from 1003, standing nearly nine feet high. Another'is at Brunswick, standing fourteen and s half feet high. Many others exist. The wri ter saw a very beautiful iron-work stand of seven candles in Iceland, made in imitation of angelica leaves. He was told this was

only lighted on Christmas Eve. In Milan is one of the thirteenth century called the Tree of the Virgin, with four rivers represented as issuing from the base. Yggdrasil had but three. A superb tree of seven branches was presented to Canterbury in the twelfth century; another to Winchester by King Canute in 1035. Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, bequeathed what seems to have been one of silver gilt, with an image of the Virgin and child at the foot, to his cathedral The Blessed Virgin takes the place of the Norse Hertha by the well or spring. A sevenbranched candlestick remains at Litchfield: several remain in France, at Lyons, Angiers Tours, Vienna. They were placed at the enaced in the wet snow his two hours on the trance to the choir, and were certainly lighted the Paschal candle was lighted at Easter.

THE ISSUE PRESENTED.

A boy may be persuaded to go to bed early hristmas Eve, but he makes his presents known in the morning. By the way, speaking of presents, we read the other day that a Mexican family had thirty-eight children. Wonder how the chimney looks when all those stockings are hung up! There is more pleasure in giving than re

ceiving, according to the proverb, but the boy who is given a dose of castor oil don't believe it and it is one of the hardest things in the world to persuade him that he is mis-There are Christmas presents that do not overwhelm the recipient with joy; for in-

with a worked canvas for a nice traveling bag and he has to squander the money he needs for cigars in having it made up. One of our friends is of the opinion that women should not aim merely to give their husbands acceptable gifts, but they should also practice a wise economy in purchasing such gifts. He suggests that a good way to achieve this object all sublime is to borrow the money from their husband's pockets, is asleep, and buy him a smoking cap. He would never wear it, of course, but that's no objection. On the contrary, it would last all the longer for not being worn -and that is economy.

CHRISTMAS POCKETBOOKS.

Christmas week makes weak pocketbooks. A poet sings, "Oh, what will the Christmas bring ?" Bills, sir, bills. Christmas comes but once a year to make our pocketbooks feel queer.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. t is likewise more expensive. Money gets tight, the same as brokers and bankers, about Christmas time. It is sad to note that the average Christmas stocking is longer than most purses.

Never mind, ladies. The Christmas shopping doesn't come out of your pockets. It is your annual opportunity to get more than even with the mon folks. The new Christmas game will be very fashionable. The players hunt through their pocketbooks to see how much money they have left. The one who has the most has to buy a present for New Year's.

It is a trying moment to a married man when he is debating with himself whether it is best to buy his wife a Christmas present or to use the money in settling the big bill which he owes at the little saloon around

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX. For the benefit of such of our readers as have never spent a winter in Labrador. Alas-We got out the boats. An old handkerchief ka or other countries of the far North, we The winter residences of the Esquimaux are Esquimaux children hang up their sealskin socks Christmas Eve. They, like our own lit-

tle folks, appreciate a pair of skates or a sled, but in place of candy they long for blubber. bers all the same. Their Christmas dinner is a rare feast for Buenos Ayres, whose name was Sacket, a cook called Lugar, and two gauches of the them. It consists of a chunk of raw whale

gentine country. These latter were woodcutters, firemen, and men of all work to the A little girl told her father the other day that she dreamed about Santa Claus ever Did you dream about him last night ences, the party reached the foot of what Mr. Marin terms the Third Rapids of the Pileothe father inquired.

No. sir, not last night. mayo, which, however, the water being slack, the little craft was able to surmount, by the Well, then, how could you dream about him every night?" aid of a line and an improvised windlass, for a few hundred feet of the most rapid current.

The day before Christmas was thus employed; and late that evening they tied up in But, papa, is one night every night." , of course not "Well, I said every night."

QUITE TOO SLIPPERY The best kind of Christmas slipper-slipper five-dollar bill in your needy neighbor's band Clergymen's wives have barrels of slipper sent in as presents, and they would do well if they used some of them on their children.

If you intend giving your young man the Now, in working slippers neatly, Girls prepare for Christmas Pay: By and by they'll work them fleetly In a more emphatic way.

Don't try to hide your big feet under the sofa when you see your girl gazing at them intently. She may be estimating their size

preparatory to working you a pair of slippers or Christmas. A HOLIDAY DINNER. Round the old tables gathered once again The girls from boarding school, demure yet

The boys from town-no longer boys, bu Greet the old folks once more, a merr Who wouldn't have a home like that to-day?

Who wouldn't rather have love than The ox-cart holds more heart than the coupe The country dance more brains than the

Out of the four great gates of day A tremulous music swells; Hear, hear, How sweet and clear, Over and under, far and near, A thousand happy belis. Joy, joy and jubilee! Good will to men from sea to sea, This merry Christmas tide.

SAVED EMBARRASSMENT.

as though one or more large branches were swaying heavily. That a puma was in the "You didn't get anything off the Christma treetops over us, was my first surmise; and rising quietly from my bank. I took up my gun and then period cautionsly out at the window light which was sweng half back, to admit air. But I could distinguish nothing. tree this year, did you, Uncle Israel? "Yo'm outer yer reckonin dar, boss." "Why, I attended the festival at the church and I didn't hear your name mentioned among those receiving gifts. "True 'nough, sah, but I had de fust pick and supposing that it was probably a sloth Yer see, Parson Gammonem 'pinted me to go git de tree fom the back er his barn, an' br a wild cat. I lay down again. when I went ter cut de same, der wez a tuk however, when there was a hearr splash in key orkerpyin' de lowes' limb. I sez, sez l the water, on the opposite side of the hoat; and a few moments later, the little craft tipdat'll do fo' my share o' de fruit er dat tree so I tuk 'im hum, an' spar'd de purse de fo'm an' barasment er precentin to me heavy man had stepped suddenly abourd.

THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES. Wife (on Christmas Eve)lot of money it costs to get ents for all these children! Husband—Yes, it's a pity the days of Henry the Eighth "Why so?"

befo' de 'sembled congergation.'

Fulton New York

www.fultonhistory.com

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY. Our Madge, in growing tall and wise, Has reached that most befogged of tracts, The land of Half-Belief, that lies Between the Pairies and the Facts.

Her little heart's a crowded nest
Of faiths and fancies, dear and shy:
The dearer, since she somehow guessed
They'd flutter from her by and by.

Her doubts are pains, yet pleasures, too, With which her timid thoughts will play; How and the chill, "It mayn't be true"— How sweet the thrill, "But, then, it may! On Christmas Eve she long had lain
With sleepless eyes, like owlet's bright;
She rose, and rabbed the frosted pane,
And stared into the starry night.

She saw the moon laugh round and clear
From smoky wreaths of cloud, and throw,
In shapes like branching horns of deer,
The sharp tra-shadows on the snow.

Oh, would be come, the jolly Saint
Whom everybody talked about?
"It may be so—and yet, it mayn't:
If I should watch, I might find out!" She'd like to my—but should she dare? Yes! Pat, pat, pat, with stealthy feet She passed as own the winding stair.

The great hearth glowed; the grave old cat With fixed, expanded, emerald eyes, Erect, before the chimney sat; He seemed to wear a waiting guise.

The andirons shone; the clock ticked on; Each moment made, her more afraid.
Oh, if he come, I'll wish I'd gone— But if I go, I'll wish I'd staid! Perhaps he is 't real at all— But—if he is—perhaps he'll mind!" sudden soot-lake chanced to full—

She fled, and never looked behind!

She throbbed with fright, she flushed shame.

Her pillowed head she closely hid;

She said, "I don't believe he came!"

She sighed, "Oh, dear-suppose he did!"

—1St. Nicholas.

A CHRISTMAS EVE VISITOR.



long room, at w

assailants.

By night this sufficed admirably to keep

ont both wild beasts - when the little craft

was moored to the bank - and hostile natives. Nothing could get aboard, save perhaps at the small, hinged windows, one or two of

which were generally left open for ventila-

This odd deck house worked so well, that

the voyagers did not often feel it necessary to do guard duty by night, being assured

that the noise of an attack outside their iron

shield would rouse them in time to repel the

cowboy stamp, natives of Rosario in the Ar-

The launch left Asuncion on the second/day

the shadow of some lofty manauma nut-trees, to the bank above the rapids, all being

The night was warm and there was a bright moon, the silvery radiance from which

"I was about dozing of again, when a con-

siderable bump, as of something falling on the shield overbead, set me broad awake.

"My companions did not waken, however.
I thought that it might be some small, wild naimal that had either fallen or leaped out of

"Shortly after, I heard a curious intermit-tent rustle and stir of the trees, which I knew could not be due to the wind; yet it sounded

"I had scarcely taken a reclining posture,

ever previously experienced.

se both fore and aft

much fatigued from the hard labor.

territory nominally Gran Chaco (Great lest the serpent might strike at the sound of

probably, at pres- my voice. I wondered whether snakes could Wilderness) which is pent, the least known region of its size see in the dark! on the earth's surface. tract, as the reader might at first conjecture, the port side of the engine-the very place but, on the contrary, well watered, remarka- where I had supposed its tail was! and makbly fertile, and rich in natural resources. ing a frenzied jump, dashed out forward and landed in the mud and water. prising not less than three hundred thousand ""Are you bitten?" Luth cried out. He and

and unknown for so long a time in this century of travel in due in part to its geographi-As indicative of the climate and general dark and scaly subject. The gauchos were character of the region, it is worthy of note, afraid to go out far to collect fire-wood, lest, that the Indians of the Chaco, are of fine as they said, the mate of the serpent might the dear old ady will never forgive you; not physique, warlike, and remarkable for their be in the vicinity. Enough was gathered up, that you are a Radical or something drendssfully resisted the approaches of white ex- the light of which we approached our little her idol as a brilliant charlatan. And now, plorers and trave

The Chaco is believed to be a paradise of in hand, in search of the snake. game and of wild honey, for no less than seven varieties of wild bees have been found espied lying diagonally across the deck, just in its flowery glades Deer, tapirs, capybaras, in front of the engine boiler. By way of stirand peccaries abound, also the armadillo, wild cattle, wild horses, and the jaguar. The heavy shot into it, at which it squirmed But you will judge of its appropriateness reptile family is also well represented, as is slightly and crawled slowly for a few feet, but shown by the following adventure related by soon came to a standstill again.

Mr. Wilhelm B. Marin, a young gentleman "He's about done for, said S who spent several months last season explor- taking one of the pike poles which had also a/ into a studio. ing the course of the River Pilcomayo: Mr. Martin is an enthusiastic believer in the struck it into the reptile's hard, shining car-

the Garden State of South America. His exto haul it out. ploration was effected by means of a small 'It was what the ganchos called a sucuria-The Stanley, as Mr. Martin named his little

pointed little graft, but only about thirty nut-trees on the bank. feet in length by eight feet beam. To serve as "Our deck had been most shockingly dea defence if attacked, and to furnish a dor. filed with its blood; but the blood was much "Our deck had been most shockingly demitory by night, an awning covered with more easily removed than was the peculiar, sheet-iron and white washed was carried over disgusting odor which seemed to emanate the entire length of the deck, the smoke stack from its carcass, and/for a long time resisted alone rising through it. Wide shutters of the action of our chlorides, white iron closed in the sides, so that the cation of our chlorides.

"After that night's adventire deck could be converted into a single, precaution to affix a net of "After that night's adventure, we took the precaution to affix a net of tarred line to the

as she kissed his

'Tom Vincent is an infernal scamp. Poor cousin Tom." the gulalmost sighed. what has be been doing now? 'Going to the devil headlong," snapped the irate colonel, "The boon companion of a crowd of Bohemian blackguards, who call themselves men of genius. Genius, faugh! it is the synonym for everything that's disrepbeen a man and a soldier, spending his days in low taverns and the green rooms of fourthclass theatres, when he isn't daubing canvas fell through the foliage of the branches of the in an East-end attic."

giant tree which projected out over the water.
No Indians had shown themselves during the day, and after a hearty meal the tired explorers turned in, their arms, as usual, being set made for instant use both for and of height of my knee you women folks have be "We soon fell sound asleep," Mr. Marin re- doing your best to spoil him., His poor lates, "into that overpowering slumber which | mother began it, of course, and I never knew comes from heavy toil, and will hold a per- a mother's pet yet who didn't turn out a son in its embrace for ten hours without ne'er-do-well. waking. But not long after midnight, I was "Yet that mother was your only sister and roused by an indefinite kind of noise which I for her sake, papa, you should think more at first thought was made by the wind caus-charitably of Cousin Tom. He may be a liting a branch to scrape the top of our ifon

tle foolish and reckless, but listen to this line from Tennyson's later Locksley Hall: Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool!

And, papa, when Tom marries, perhaps When he marries-when Tom Vincent the branches which overhung the boat, and so lay still, listening, for some moments, thinking, too, what an odd Christmas eve it hum, who would trust her happeness to him was, and how different from anything I had keeping, may the good Lord pity her. But I want to forget his very existence. Here is a letter from Captain Lindsay. He accepts my invitation for two or three days' shooting down here, and will arrive to-morrow. if my graceless nephew were only like But Captain Lindsay is a gentleman and a soldier."

> No. papa, but a noman's instincts must always rebel against the injustice of abusing a man when he cannot defend bimself."

wart as if a hig haw wart as The sound ried suddenly from ion. It was not very next, then saw me . "What's going on "Fatal accident on the Thames. An excursion steambagt such near Wolgich. Controlly conduct of the crew and male pursuant country?"

Besta Class, persist of Mr. Vincent, the well-known artist. Helping to save the wears and

"The scraping, grinding sound moved for children, and standing alone by the captain while the vessel sinks. Lucy, my child, my ward. "Its Indians, I believe," muttered Luth, For Lucy had fallen in a heap at 'trying to get a big line on us, and haul us man's feet.

The last day of the dying year, and, with to-morrow, I, T. Vincent, shall begin to write a worthier chapter in a heretofore wasted "Improbable as this idea was, there was something in the strange, grating noise that strongly suggested it. I heard Sackett, or some of the others who had their bunks farlife." The artist was stretched at full length ther forward, rouse up, as if to listen. Then on a sofa in Colonel Vanghan's library. hands were clasped across his forehead and his eyes were closed as he gave audible expression to his thoughts, a habit he indulged in at times when alone. "That apocryphal prison-house they have modernized into Sheol the sound moved aft again. "Luth reached for his gun and then stepped to the window, but instantly started back larm, and I saw what I took for an Indian's

head and neck appear in the moonlit aper-ture, as if trying to look in.

"I heard Luth's gun-cocks click, and whis-pered, 'Don't shoot;' for I thought, possibly this Indian is only peeping about for mere "'Don't shoot!' sneered Luth, 'Then shoot

tering trappings of a guardsman."

The musical ripple of suppressed laughter disturbed his meditations and, opening his yourself, and be quick! Why, Marin, don't you see that 'tis a tremendous serpent?'
"Before his words were articulated, the creature's head was thrust in at the little eyes, he jumped to his feet "Lucy, is it you?

Do not stir for a moment," and the look of admiration that flashed from his eyes was an window, darkening it. With that we both raised our pieces and fired, and then by mutual impulse ran around the engine to the indeed a very pretty picture. Standing in the open French window, the dark walnut forward end of the boat. Sackett was trying to light his lantern; while the two gauch casement forming a fitting frame to the crying out, Culebra! culebra grande! graceful figure, clad in a dark blue riding habit, while the glory of a winter sunset fell big snake!) threw down one of the shutters, and jumping into the water, waded ashore, followed by Lugar, the cook. caressingly around the pale beauty of that "Indeed, we were not a little inclined to do

pure face.
"Well, sir, do you want to take my porthe same thing, for from the racket aft, it was evident that the reptile was aboard us, and tumbling about among our bunks, and whether our shots had disabled it, we could only surmise. It was thrashing around, and its tail banged against the engine repeatedly.
"At length Sackett got his lantern burning, and putting that on the end of a pike-pole, we thrust the light back toward the engine, to discern, if possible, where the snake lay, and get another shot at it. "For some moments we peered about, ven-

turing back a little way, but failed to get flowers, Tom." she said as he gently drew her to a seat beside him. "Yes, primroses in midsight of it, though we still heard it moving. Suddenly Sackett yelled that it was crawling under the mess table, right beside us! Bewinter. I rode over to Chudleigh Manor, since that dear old Mrs. Challoner, who, like fore we could back off, its head rose, all papa, is a sensible Tory, has them in her coubloody from the shot we had fired at it, behind the table, and its jaws snapped close to servatory all the year round, for the prim-

"Luth and Sackett who stood a step behind me, promptly leaped backwards, and disappeared through the aperture which the gau-chos had made by removing the side shutter; and I, obeying my first impulse of horror, sprang aft, around the engine. Sackett had dropped his lantern, and the only light now on board was the dim moon

ETWEEN the parallels of twenty and pent had creptin. I could hear the ophidian's twenty-seven de- long body moving slowly, and judged that grees south latitude, its head was coming toward me. "I would have given almost any price for embraced within the a light just then! A horrid odor filled the boundaries of the air! Outside, Sackett and Luth were shout-Argentine Republic ing to me to come ashore; but for the life of and Bolivia, lies the me I durst not stir now, nor answer them,

light that came in at the shutter hole forward

Nor is it a desert "Suddenly I heard its jaws snap again, on

"The reptile still continued to crawl around side our deck house; and after listening to

"A portion of its mottled body was then ring up the creature, Luth fired a load of "'He's about done for, said Sackett; and /the upper-room, which Vincent had converted

book with the pike, he went forward and future of the Clinco which, he confidently pre-dicts, is destined not long hence to become of us took hold of the pole and thus were able. A semi-darkened conservatory, rich in its steam launch which he shipped to South riddled its neck and head-otherwise we glimpse of a brilliantly lighted ball-room be-America in sections, and set up at Asuncion, might have had much more trouble/in dis- youd, and, in the foreground, the portrait of on the Paraguny River, near its confluence posing of the brute; for it was truly an ugly an officer in the uniform of the Welsh fusiwith the Pilcomayo. Both the Pilcomayo reptile to encounter. The thickest portion of leers, holding in his embrace the white draped and the Veruejo are large rivers, not less its body was almost as large as the thigh of than eight hundred or a thousand miles in an adult man; and I may compare its flat- "Oh! Miss Lucy," whispered that young

steamer, in honor of the great African ex-plorer whose deeds he would emulate in the South American continent, was a well-ap-itself down upon the launch from the large

outside of our open window lights."



aughan's brow storm as he entered the breakfast-room with was waiting to glanced anxously in his face

ual in the bluff old soldier that be said, "Good | Modesty to say to it?" morning, child; good morning." Nor was the

"I hope, papa, my cousin has done nothing to forfeit his claim to the title of gentleman; and for the first time there was a touch of irritation in the girl's voice, "and then I den't suppose that every man who wears a. soldier's uniform is necessarily a soldier. When the Scots Guards went to face Arab spears in the Soudan, Captain Lindsay found il convenient to obtain a staff appointment and remain to play the carpet warrior i Mayfair drawing rooms. Trust me, if Cousin Tom had worn a scarlet jacket, then a soldier's heart would throb beneath it." "Hosty tosty! Miss Vaughan, but you are an eloquest advorate for a scamp.

Like all somen, Miss Lucy, you are illogical. In the very breath with which you ery out against injustice being done your worthless cousin, you are bitterly unjust to a better man, But you may find his letter inter esting since he frankly tells me that he loves you, and asks my permission to speak to you ped , erreptible to that side, as if a very on the subject; and seriously, dear child, there is no man to whom I would more wil-"Immediately, too, I beard a grating, Engly accord that permission. Well, Jane, boat near the guards, and passed up over room. "The Standard, ch? Hello! what's over as if a big haw. this about Mr. Vincent, the artist?" he ex-

rose, as all England knows, was Disraeli's fa

"I brought you a bouquet of your favorite

is paved with good intentions it is said; but, if it were only for Lucy's sake, there must be

no mistake about my reformation. To think she should have said 'No' to that military ex-

quisite Lindsay for a poor devil like me; and

most girls are liable to be caught by the glit-



vorite flower. the dear old lady will never forgive you; not far these savages have suc- however, to kindle a considerable bonfire, by ful in politics, but she once heard you describe, appeare we had, and no sooner had we seatsteamer again and finally boarded her, gun sir, you/can have the bouquet, if you give scene as repeated, though with less intensime just/one glance at your picture. Presently, when your father returns. I've The out the finishing touches on it this morning and decided on a title. 'Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by.' How does that strike you? when you see the piéture. An hour later a little group assembled in

> "Well, sir," said the colonel, "we are fendy to judge your work, and, lucky for you, we it be subdued coloring of tropical plants and rare, while others had wooden sheds, one story "It appeared that our first shots had fairly exotics; a half-opened door, revealing a

length, which flow down out of the Chaco and tened head to a good sized water pitcher of lady's maid, "if he haint gone and painted three quarts capacity. It was nearly twenty-four feet long." Well, I'm blowed, your honor." exclaimed the butler, who was the Colonel's servant in his soldiering days, "if that ere gent in uniform isn't your honor to the life as you looked that night before we started for the rimea, and that sweet-faced lady in the for Ch picture is surely Miss Lucy, as she stood in around the little girly-girl's waist and otherher ball dress on the door-steps of that house wise I down in Devonshire a-bidding you fare-

The Colonel was still gazing intently at the picture, when after some few minutes' silence, he spoke: "I suppose this is what you fellows call the test of genius. A power to summon memories of a vanished long ago, and bring the tears into a rough old soldier's

"I hope you like the picture, sir," the artist said, when the servants left the room. "for it is intended as a New Year's gift for onel Denton yourself." "Do you mean it, Tom? Well, I shall never was portentous disparage your talents again. Only let me box cobon-bons will let me out there, she s of a gathering say, Tom, that when Nature made you a the kill of a girl to have. genius, by the lord Harry! she spoiled a splendid light dragoon."

"Uncle, when I painted that picture, Lucy two open letters | here was my one and only inspiration, for in his hand. The hoped when it was finished and accepted by fair young Sax- you, her hand-the hand you see her place in on beauty, who mine-would be my sweet reward." "Why, you infernal young reprobate, do pour out his tes, | you mean to say that-"I love your daughter, sir," Tom Vincent said very quietly.

"Is this a conspiracy concocted and carried out beneath my own roof; and what has Miss "That there is at least one girl in this wide Colonel's appetite the best that morning, and world, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum, of December, which in the Southern bemis-phere, corresponds to June with us. On the day before Christmas, after various experi-aside and said abruptly:

Colonel's appetite the best that morning, and who does not fear to trust her happiness to Consin Tom's keeping." So, youth will be self-willed," said the colonel in a softened voice, "and since Miss Lucy has upset all my calculations for her happiness, I suppose, Tom Vincent, I must forgive you for the way in which you won my daughter on this New Year's Eve.

A TURKISH TRAGEDY.

It was upon a Christmas Eve When thoughts are pure and sweet. I read and smoked and watched the fire Bright burning at my feet; When in there staiked a monstrous bird, And strangely me did greet.

He spread his tail and curved his neck And made an awful roar! Such wattles red, such gleaming eyes I never saw before: Then sounded like a great, big gun-Why, I could swear he swore! He hit me with his powerful wing,

He pecked me with his beak.

He jumped upon my lap and tried

To scratch me on the check: He treated me as no Turk should A Christian mild and meek. But when he vowed that I should be His dipper on the morrow. That he would roast me, served with all The berries he could borrow, And ask in all the other fowls-

Then up I rose and grabbed that Turk That Christmes bird galore, And swung him thrice around my head And fired him through the door. Said I: "You shall not strut at me And gobble any more!"

But when, next morn. I ope'd the door

He filled my heart with sorrow.

And to my office hied There lay a man; the bird I threw Had hit him in the side. Who so despaired to catch his breath He laid him down and died. Alack that I should ever see So fateful a December! Am I a murderer gazing now

EVERYBODY CELEBRATES IT.

No, my landindy gave me hash

Upon you dying ember?

To-night, as I remember!

There is a charm in Christonas. We have all read of the old miser Screege, who was arried by three spirits on Christmas Day, as on the wings of the wind, and in all the strange transit the influence of the day was seen and heard. Not only on the streets of With solls dressed in satine, and others in comp and pride, but in the narrow buts on bleak moors, up and down in the mean, cold tenement houses, there was a glow and heart of song. Among men digging and delving in the pit, to force from old mother earth her riches, men transformed into the active pick, are and spade, was a new breathing, a day as the days of other men, On shipboard, as the bark sped on the black and beaving see, a Christmas inne was hummed, and every man on board, good or had, had a kinder word and a kinder look for his fellows. And even in a solitary bes selected. And even in a societary because, "built upon a dismail reef of a receive, some leagues or so from shes which the unitees chaired and dashed the year through," the suffixery extenses, their hours hands over the result with each other a many three man

WELCOMING NEW YEAR'S On New Year's Day have feasts been held by Christian, Pagan or what not, so far as the chronicles of men go back. Time was when the Romans gave gifts to their senators on the opening day of the rear, and the day has been celebrated with more ceremony than Christmas, even in Christian lands. Christmas, as it is now known, a general feasting and gift-giving

known, a general leasting and gift-giving day, is a comparatively modern institution, adopted from the Germans, who still preserve it as their chief holiday.

Indeed, while the rest of the population of this country are making preparations for the celebration of New Year's Day, German citisene here taking down the Christmas tree which has been brilliantly illuminated, and

which has been brilliantly illuminated, and upon which admiring children have gazed fondly for a week.

After Cassar conquered Britian, forty-five years before the birth of Christ, the Romans carried their custom of celebrating the entrance of Janus with gift-giving and festivals Dates figs covered with gold leaf and a small batter figs covered with gold leaf and a small piece of money, formed "appropriate" New-Years gifts. The Druids of Britain adopted nen custom, and gave branches of honest flattery that touched her. She was indeed a very pretty picture. Standing in mistatoe cut with a golden knie in the sacred

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Edward VI. was pleased to receive an orange stuck full of cloves, and the reformer. Latiller, sent to Henry VIII., for a New er, sent to Henry VIII., for a New-Year gift, a New Testament, with the leaf turned down at Helrews xiii., which the lasty monatch of seven sives did not relish
James I. once peceived a canteen on which trait?" she asked as she stepped into the room.

"I've tried a hundred times and failed. I can draw a likeness indifferently like you, I suppose. I can even catch the delicate curve of that matchless mouth, but I cannot paint your cyes, Lucy. Their every varying expression and changing color are beyond my poor skill. They are blue, are they not, Lucy? And yet they looked almost black a moment

> Health, my lord king," the Sweet Rowers Me th !" cried the chieftain to the Saxon They gayly rose, and 'mid Kissel her pale lips and placed her by his soft scene, such gentle thoughts That healths and kisses mongst the guests Front his the social custom took its rise; We still retain, and still must keep the prize.

having a picture of Her Majesty

CHRISTMAS EARTHQUAKE.

We little thought that, when those years were ever, chance would lead us to a remote Spanish city, where we made our home for many years. As December came on, cold winds would blow - winds that seemed to pierce to the very marrow of your bones.
Strate ely attired figures, with tassels hanging about them, theatrical bats, very white stockings, and curious sandals, would appear in the doorway and offer strange meats for little white boar, a kid, birds with prettinglumage, which it seemed a shame to Brron, batatas from Malaga, honey from the Sierra, and what not. We were sitting www to dinner one Christmas night, a large party, when suddenly a loud rumbing was hourd, as if scores of wagens were rolling to and fro, our chairs were shaken vio lentice the floor trembled under our feet, and quake had taken place. All rushed out into the courtyard and waited, but only the screams se outside broke the silence Weskent back and ate our dinner with what ed ourselves in the drawing-room than the to one but the children slept that night. bration was incessant; and about every two the earthquake was repeated hour Atle damage was done to our town though as all the world knows, in the ada Svinces of Granada and Malaga huncent victims died that night, while towns and lages lay in ruins. For mouths after. wards the shocks continued, and we always slept with our doors slightly niar, and warm clothing and slippers ready at hand, should beessary to ruch down to the court Some of the Spaniards were so terrified that they slept out of doors in their carriages. high, bight outside the town. Of all our Christ-

But the star that shines in Bethlehem bes still, and shall not cease; And be listen still to the tidings Of flory and of peace. -[Adelaide Proctor.

mas Phys-and they, alas! are many-this

the one of which we like least to think

DELUDED SPOONS. what shall I get my little girly girl stmos?" he asked, stealing one arm alsbehaving himself anything. George," she whispered, be precious to me." My darling!" he gasped, with both arms now if use, "I wish that I might lay all the jewels and beautiful things of the world at

your fet; the gift then would be small "
And when he went out into the night she , I think I'll get a diamond pin if nothin he said on his way home, "I think

> he dollar and a half picture cards or a THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

The sighly seasonable and not altogether unples kant pastime of kissing under the mea-tletoe is probably a genuine relic of S and navine mythology. And, after all, perhaps we out to speak a decisive word in its favorabeing as it is, a lively and capital eoff to the pantomines which are tragelies, and the time of the year when inventive nt as is the mistletoe, a very remark able discumstance in connection with it is the obscurity with which its first employment as mas evergreen is involved. Very few .. if any allusions are to be found referring to tietoeat an earlier date than theseventeentlerentury. Shakespeare (in 'Titus An-

droniges," ii., 3, 95) only refers to it ones, and then deparagingly: The trees, though summer, yet forlors and with moss and baleful mistletoe. writing in the latter part of the sixteent b century, has the following: If snowe do continue, sheepe harmy that Crave histle and ivie for them for to spare do continue, sheepe hardly that fare,

About a century after Tusser, Coles, in his

dge of Plants," alludes to the mistle oe na being "Carried many miles to set ug in houses about Christmas time, when is in adorned with a white glustering Herrick ("Hesperides," ii.) allades to it in condection with other seasonable shrubs, thus:

Down with the holly, ivie, all Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas ball. The same delightful writer has another allasion in "Ceremonies for Candlemas Err. which may be quoted as having immediate relation to the foregoing:

"Down with the rosemary and bayes,

Down with the rosemary, and so Down with the baies and mistletoe;

Down with the mistletoe; lestend of holly now up raise The greener box for show

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE Some of the best things in life can be stored up only by the generosity which, gives, ask ing for bothing again. Such are warm a fections: kind feelings, benevolent dispositions. Every service willingly rendered every help glidly given, every effort to encourage the disheartened, to teach the ignorant, to lift the Tallen, not only perform their intened work but even more surely react upon the doer, they may or may not bring him the love, respect and gratitude of those he le. friends, but they will infallibly bring bright ness and sweetness into his own heart. creasing his desire and strengthening his powerfin do good, and storing up within him.

those dispositions which cannot fail to here him while cuabling him to bless others IN THE BIG CITY he night before Christmas, all our

Every greature was stirring, including the Bus were liftered with bundles and Drums trympets and Noab's arks, hitches and stores,

Appearing dogs squeaked to the Appearing on all fours.

Appearing the tree to her mind history fally's young man was so helpful and While pope stood around like a fich a though Bene Bibley and Johnny and Raby and het.

to little from the have no who grand residents Mr. Lour M. Cardon HOW HERE -Timi Josephay of HUMBER burney

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